

MRS. SUYDAM PUT OUT BY HUSBAND, YOUNG NOBLE SAYS

Filing of Divorce Suit by Millionaire Followed by Ejectment, He Writes.

PARENT DEFENDS SON. Declares Boy Did Right in Eloping and That Home Is Open to Him.

That Mrs. Walter Lisenard Suydam, party of the first part in the sensational Suydam-Noble elopement, had been thrown out of her millionaire husband's Blue Point, L. I., villa on Sept. 5, three days after papers in an action for divorce had been served on her, was the statement made today in a letter written to his father by young Frederick Noble.

This letter was taken to the plumbing shop of the elder Noble (Harry M.) on Nostrand avenue, Brooklyn, today by Wallace Noble, a young brother of Fred. Wallace had spent the evening with his brother in the little flat that the plumbers' son and the young society matron have been occupying in the Redden apartments, No. 52 West Twelfth street, since the elopement. Fred Noble's letter reads:

"Dear Father:—I want you to know that there is nothing to worry about. I have not disappeared nor have I been hypnotized. This thing has been coming for a long time. You know Mrs. Suydam has been pretty badly thrown out of her wits and has been as you know divorce papers were filed on the 2d. I will be married to Mrs. Suydam if the divorce is secured. Don't you worry about me. Wallace will keep you informed and I will report to you through Wallace the progress in the progress in the matter."

"Your loving son, 'FRED.'"

DEFENDS SON'S ELOPMENT WITH MRS. SUYDAM. When the elder Noble displayed the above letter to an Evening World reporter this afternoon, he said that there was not a grain of truth in the report that he had turned against his son Fred and threatened to never recognize him again as his son.

"That is much a lie," he said, "as some of the reports that have been spread about Mrs. Suydam. I do not blame my son for what he has done. He honestly loves the girl and the girl loves him. I would probably do just what he is doing in this case and I regard him just as highly as I do any of my other children."

"Mrs. Suydam's life down there in Blue Point was a horror to her. She was almost as lonely as if marooned on a desert isle. That husband of hers left her alone the greater part of the time. While he is worth millions, he engaged in the trade of fisherman, not as a sport, but for profit. He would go off with his nets for three or four days at a time. He would take his catches to market and sell them just like any other fisherman."

"During these fishing excursions of his his young wife was left to her own devices in the big, isolated villa that overlooked the bay. He was not interested in any of his friends and would have nothing to do with them. When his own friends called on him he would send his wife to live in the servants' lodge. She spent most of her time there by herself."

DECLARES ELOPING WIFE A FINE WOMAN.

"Now, I have known this girl for years and I regard her as one of the very finest specimens of womanhood. She has been the one sinned against and driven to distraction. I do not blame her. I do not blame my son. He is welcome to come home whenever he pleases. Both my Brooklyn home and my cottage at Blue Point will always be open to him."

The Brooklyn plumber spoke vehemently. He said that after Wallace had brought him Fred's letter today he had written Fred a letter in which he advised him to separate from Mrs. Suydam until after divorce proceedings had been concluded.

"When that is all settled, I told him," said Mr. Noble, "that he could resume his courtship and get married. I intend to back him up to the limit."

Frederick Noble made a public statement last night in which he denied the existence of the elopement or that he was living with Mrs. Suydam. Immediately after making this statement he set out by devious ways to return to the little flat in which he and the runaway wife have been living since Sept. 6.

SUYDAM'S AGENTS FINALLY LOCATE COUPLE. The agents of the Suydams did not succeed in locating the runaway wife until yesterday, though the members of the Noble family have been aware of the elopers' whereabouts for several days.

In going back to the apartment last night young Noble ran into two men, with whom he had a heated argument and to whom he persisted in denying his identity. When he got up to the flat he found one of his brothers and a lawyer in conference with Mrs. Suydam. This conference lasted late into the night, but at its close the elopers still stubbornly refused to give one another up. They agreed, however, to confer again with more lawyers and more representatives of the family to-day.

The young woman's father, John Jay White of Washington, D. C., and her father-in-law, George Suydam of New York, had in conference on Tuesday night with the elder Suydam and this was followed by a visit of Walter Lisenard Suydam to Harry M. Noble, the father of Frederick Noble, at his Brooklyn home. Both the Whites and Suydams have exerted every pos-

Kitty Gordon Says a Homely Man Makes the Best Kind of Husband

Imagine One So Busy Thinking of His Own Looks He Has No Time to Think of Your Comfort! Exclaims Actress Who Will Wed Count.

But He Must Be Fastidious. No Nice Woman Could Care for a Man Who Was Not Perfectly Groomed, She Declares.

By Ethel Lloyd Patterson.



Kitty Gordon says Count Morris Fries is not homely. Lots of other people say he is. But, then, justice compels one to admit Count Fries is not going to marry the other people and he is going to marry Kitty Gordon. Things like that sometimes alter one's point of view. Besides, the Count has a very nice castle in Austria. Miss Gordon showed me a picture of it on a postal card.

Not, however, that this is not, strictly speaking, a "kind hearts are more than coronets" affair.

"I am not marrying Count Fries for his looks, nor his title, nor his money," said Miss Gordon. She paused, then plunged: "I would not care how homely he was," she breathed valiantly. "I love him!"

It was beautiful to hear her. "But a homely husband?" I deprecated.

"A homely husband is the best husband," she answered. "Imagine a husband so busy thinking of his own looks he would have no time to think of your comfort. Besides, what woman wants to find herself married to a man that every other woman is trying to get away from her? When a sensible woman marries she marries for comfort and rest."

"Personally, I have not the slightest desire to spend the remainder of my days running around after a handsome man."

"Yet it sounds like an interesting enough occupation," I murmured.

"I fear you like excitement," rejoined Miss Gordon. "For myself, I prefer things quieter."

WILL HAVE HER OWN WAY AS HERETOFORE.

And if this be true, undoubtedly Miss Gordon will have her own way in the matter. When, indeed, has she not had her own way in every matter, her every wish gratified? To be beautiful, to be an actress, to be a star, to have red diamonds as big as butter balls, to have married into one of the best families in England, to divorce subsequently that member of one of the best families known as the Honorable Henry Beresford, to have a real count at one's feet, to have one's picture in the newspapers, and—crowning achievement of them all—to be able actually to live at Redden's, not to dine there once a week on Saturdays, but to LIVE there—could the heart of woman ask for more? Yet Miss Kitty Gordon is evidently minded to take all the gifts Fate may have in store for her and then suggest a few others just to be on the safe side.

"People may call the Count Fries homely," she explained, "but homely or not he has all the qualities that would be essential to me in a husband."

"And these qualities are?" I prompted.

"Oh, in the first place a man to make the right sort of a husband has to be mainly," replied Miss Gordon. "Then he has to be honest. I mean, tell the truth and be straightforward."

"Of course he has to be very fastidious personally. No really nice woman would marry a man who was not perfectly groomed."

"The Count Fries is one of the best groomed men I have ever met. Then, as far as I am concerned, the man I loved would have to be a good sportsman. He would have to love the open air. You may be sure there is nothing very wrong with a man who rides well and shoots well and loves to get out into the woods and fields."

"You, yourself, love the open country?" I hazarded, and tried to picture Miss Gordon's gorgeously embroidered negligee exchanged for a gingham frock and her white arms reflected in a woodland pool rather than the polished brass of her bed, against which she leaned.

SHE LOVES THE COUNT'S CASTLE IN AUSTRIA.

"Well, I love the Count's castle in Austria," qualified Miss Gordon, "and I should like to see it."

able pressure to break up the scandal and separate the eloping couple.

MRS. SUYDAM DOES COOKING FOR THE COUPLE.

Mrs. Suydam, who had a dozen servants to wait on her in her husband's Blue Point villa, has done all the cooking in the little flat. Fred Noble has done the marketing along Sixth avenue, but in going from there back to the West Twelfth street apartment house he has invariably made a long detour, walking hurriedly and looking back now and then as if he expected pursuit.

He is a tall, good-looking youth, with fair hair and blue eyes and a frank, engaging smile. In denying the elopement yesterday he spoke with every appearance of outspoken frankness, though his denial followed upon the heels of an interview with his father, in which the parent said that his son and the runaway wife were living together in perfect contentment and happiness, and that it looked as if they were going "to stick it out."



KITTY GORDON.

that is really very open country. I like it well enough to be happy in the thought of making it my future home. Of course that will not be for some time, however. Not until I retire from the stage. I have promised to retire when I marry the Count. But that will not be for a long while under any circumstances."

"You see I have not actually obtained my divorce from Mr. Beresford as yet, although I do not anticipate any real trouble in that direction. Of course I shall manage to get it, though he is kind of—oh, well, you know—rather wanting me back and that sort of thing. But I am determined to get my divorce and marry Count Fries."

"Whether he is homely or not?" I amended.

"Whether he is homely or not," maintained Miss Gordon, "though, I protest, I think it is too dreadful to speak of him as though he were a fright. Why, he does not look homely to me at all. I am sure I do not see why people call him homely. See if you think he is."

She crossed the room to her bureau and held a framed picture toward me. "Well, you see it is this way," I began, regarding the photograph of Count Fries.

"Now, don't you say you think he is homely," pleaded Miss Gordon.

"But you said you wanted a homely husband," I reminded her. "You said homely men made the best husbands. You said you would never spend your days running around after a handsome man."

"Yes, I did say so," admitted Miss Gordon.

"Yet this picture of the Count does not look homely to me," I protested.

"You perfect dear!" cooed Miss Gordon. "But I do not see why people call him homely. I am going to marry Count Fries!"

Which all goes to show that if you happen to have red hair and sapphirine earrings you can have your own way about almost anything.

Leo Cohen, who keeps a chicken shop on upper Prospect avenue, East New York, set his son Jake to watch the store today to find out why the Friday evening business was so good.

The store is always crowded with women on Friday, for the people of the neighborhood nearly always have chicken Friday night.

"Pop, there's a woman making some funny business back there where the young roosters are," said Jake later, pointing to Mrs. Yetta Horowitz of No. 236 Newport avenue.

The woman saw them looking at her and started to leave. She waddled clumsily, but Cohen stopped her at the door.

"What are you doing around here?" he shouted at her suspiciously. "You come in, stay half an hour, say nothing to nobody and go out."

"I don't see anything I want to buy," she muttered. "I am looking for a nice young rooster."

"Come here," Cohen led her to a rooster crate and pushed a fowl under her nose. "What is the matter with that?"

"How much?" asked Mrs. Horowitz. She thrust the 50 cents he demanded and took the rooster in her arms.

"Tuck! Tuck! Tuck-a-tuck, tuck," remarked the rooster to nobody in particular.

"Tuck! Tuck! Tuck-a-tuck, tuck," spoke up another chicken from the general direction of Mrs. Horowitz's knees. "Tuck! Tuck! Tuck-a-tuck, tuck!" shouted Mr. Cohen. Policeman Walsh ran in and took Mrs. Horowitz to court. There also was searched. She had pinned her underskirts together and in them had secreted two fine roosters.

Before Magistrate Fitch Mrs. Horowitz set up a counter claim against Cohen that he had sold her a sick rooster. Remarking that he was a good judge of poultry, Magistrate Fitch directed that the rooster be set on the desk before him.

ROOSTER, PINNED IN WOMAN'S SKIRT, BETRAYS THEFT

Protest Against Cramped Quarters Causes Arrest in Poultry Store.

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"He's not sick," said he. "He is a very fine bird."

The rooster flapped his wings and let out a crow of pride.

"Take him away," said the Court. Then Mrs. Horowitz was held in \$500 bail for examination.

DIX DELAYED BY WRECK; ONE MAN KILLED, TWO HURT.

Governor on Way to Conference at Spring Lake Delayed Five Hours in Train Block.

ALBANY, Sept. 15.—Gov. Dix, en route from Syracuse to Spring Lake, N. J., to attend the conference of Governors, was delayed about five hours this morning by a wreck on the New York Central Railroad on the Van Wert street viaduct in this city. The Governor's train was behind the wreck and did not get away until 8:30 A. M.

Frank Hitchcock of Syracuse, fireman on an express train which collided with a freight train, leaped from the engine and sustained injuries from which he died today. Moses T. Powers of Syracuse, the express engineer, and Earl B. Vincent of Albany, fireman on the freight train, were injured, but not fatally.

TAILORS' STRIKE NEAR END; WAILS OF WOMEN WIN

Employers, Badgered by Rich Customers, Seek to Settle With Workers.

ARBITRATION IS LIKELY.

Conference This Afternoon May Agree on Terms for Resuming Work.

There is a chance that the ladies' tailoring and dressmaking strike which has

tortured the nerves of thousands of women who have been planning and ordering their fall suits and gowns may be settled before to-morrow morning.

There is a conference being held this afternoon at the Victoria Hotel in which Col. M. J. Regan and J. J. Healy represent the state labor bureau; Meyer London, John A. Dyche, Solomon Rosman, I. Kraus and H. Pismanoff the workers and Richard J. Hickson, A. E. Harrison, James Haines, Horace Weingarten, J. Frank and Walter H. Bartholomew, the Merchants' Society, the employers' organization.

The belief is general that the dispute will be submitted to arbitration and that pending the verdict, the strikers will return to work. Employers by the score have visited the Merchants' Society Headquarters at No. 306 Fifth avenue and given their written consent to arbitration.

It was noticeable that the proprietors of big and fashionable shops in the Fifth avenue district were by far the most emphatic in declaring for arbitration or any other course of settlement which would relieve them from the terror which the appeals, demands and scoldings of their rich women patrons have inspired.

MANY FIRMS SEEK PEACE, STRIKERS SAY.

A representative of the Merchants' Society said to-day that the employing tailors and dressmakers were perfectly willing to meet the workers more than half way, to raise the general tone of the trade and to add the increased cost of manufacture to the price of the finished costumes. The smaller manufacturers say that this is a scheme to freeze them out of business.

Thomas Krattina, chairman of the strikers' settlement committee, declares he has received many applications for a settlement, some of them from large firms. It is declared that about 200 of the strikers went back to work to-day at advantageous terms.

Agents of both the State and national governments have offered their services in arbitration.

One proposition already before both sides is from John J. Healy of the State Board of Arbitration, who has asked each to name what it considers fair terms and settlement. Charles H. Winslow, an investigator of the Department of Commerce and Labor, attended the meeting of the employers yesterday afternoon.

"To-day is the crucial day of the strike," said R. J. Hickson, president of the Merchant Tailors. "We made a promise to our employees as a body and the representatives of the union made a promise to us. We are ready to keep our promise and will keep it, and I think that the union will do the same. In that case the trouble will be over and the strikers will return to work."

Sol Rosman, organizer of the strikers' union, says that the agreements already signed yield to the strikers' demands for a week increase in wages, a shortening of the working week by four hours, clean and light shops and the abolition of piece work.

Another step toward a settlement came as a result of a conference late last night between Myer London, attorney for the strikers, Mr. Dyche and Mr. Healy. They drew up a plan whereby strikers favoring arbitration and employers willing to enter into it can proceed without waiting for those who oppose arbitration.

Scant Interest in New Subway. While the great public interest in the subway? Not one person appeared yesterday at the hearing set by the Public Service Commission on the changes to be made in the plan for the Lexington avenue subway.

Double Strength Saves 50%.

White Rose CEYLON TEA

Postal Bank in Newark. Newark gets its first Postal Savings bank to-day.

WOMAN JOYRIDER KILLED ON RETURN FROM MARDI GRAS

Mrs. Josephine Noble Crushed to Death Under Wheel of Auto.

COMPANION IS HURT.

Thomas F. Swain's Wife Is Waiting for Him When She Learns of Accident.

An accident interrupting a joy ride in Brooklyn early to-day caused the death of Mrs. Josephine Noble of Glenhead, L. I., and the possibly fatal injury of Thomas F. Swain, master plumber of No. 675 Leonard street, Brooklyn, whose wife was found sitting at a window waiting for him when word of the accident was conveyed to her at daylight. Another who figured in the affair, William Kreth, a chauffeur of No. 247 East Third street, escaped without a scratch. The car was running swiftly through Bedford avenue when at Sullivan street, Kreth misjudged a sharp curve. One of the rear wheels struck the curb and the tire was torn off.

MAN AND WOMAN THROWN UNDER RIMLESS WHEEL.

The shock threw the car clear across the street and the rim of the wheel which had sustained the first damage was ripped off. Mrs. Noble and Swain were thrown from the car and run over. The ends of the spokes of the rimless wheel punctured the body of Mrs. Noble, killing her instantly. Swain sustained internal injuries.

Policemen sent for an ambulance to the Swedish Hospital, Dr. Treux, who responded, sent the body of Mrs. Noble to the Morgue. He hurried Swain to the hospital in an ambulance.

It was some time before any connection of the accident could be gathered. Swain was unconscious, and Kreth truthfully insisted that he had never met Swain or the woman until a short time before he ran his car into the curb. When Swain was brought around he at first refused to talk, but when told that he might die he revealed the identity of his companion.

He met Mrs. Noble, he said, about two months ago at Glenhead at Karatony's Hotel, where she was stopping for the summer. She told him she was divorced and her husband lived in the West. On occasions he met her after the first encounter.

Last night, he said, he was in Reisenwiler's at Coney Island when Mrs. Noble, Mrs. Stuart, Mrs. Stuart's mother, and Mrs. Stuart's chauffeur entered. They had ridden down to Coney Island from Sea Cliff in Mrs. Stuart's car. Mrs. Noble introduced Mrs. Stuart and her mother.

ASKED CHAUFFEUR OF EMPTY CAR TO GIVE THEM RIDE.

The party roared about the Island, Swain said, until midnight, when all went in Mrs. Stuart's car to Auterly's road house on the Parkway. There, he said, the party separated. Mrs. Stuart and her mother went uptown to the Bedford Hotel in Bedford avenue in their own car. Mrs. Noble and Swain remained behind.

After an hour or so, Swain said, Kreth, whom he had never seen before, happened along, driving a car and alone. Swain asked Kreth to take him and Mrs. Noble up to the Bedford Hotel and they were on their way when the accident occurred.

Mrs. Stuart is well known along the north shore of Long Island. She was the housekeeper for Stephen Mott Wright of Sea Cliff, who died in September, 1906, leaving an estate valued at over \$1,000,000. Half the estate was left to three cousins and the other half to Mrs. Stuart the housekeeper.

The cousins contested the will. The case dragged through the courts until January, 1910, when Mrs. Stuart was awarded \$154,300. She met Mrs. Noble during this summer at Glenhead, and they frequently rode together in Mrs. Stuart's automobile.

Kreth is twenty years old. For a week he has been a chauffeur for the Hosenberg of No. 424 Twelfth street, Brooklyn. His employer gave him permission last night to use his automobile to take a party of young women friends riding.

Swain lives in a fine three-story frame house in Leonard street, and has a large plumbing establishment on East Thirty-third street, near Lexington avenue. Manhattan. Mrs. Swain said she knew nothing of Mrs. Noble and had never heard her husband mention her.

Allen Voss Guidert of Sea Cliff, L. I., called at the Brooklyn Morgue at noon and assumed responsibility for the care of the remains of Mrs. Noble. He said he was a friend of the family.

Mrs. Noble, according to Guidert, had two children, a son, about eighteen years old, whose home is in Boston, and a daughter who lives in Colorado. The son was advised of his mother's death this morning and will be in New York this evening. Mrs. Noble's body was removed from the Brooklyn Morgue to Merritt's undertaking rooms in Eighth avenue, Manhattan, there to await the arrangements for the funeral to be made by her son.

Swain's condition is serious, but he is expected to recover.

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SHOW GIRL BRIDE SAYS MILLIONAIRE REAM IS BEATEN

Young Eloper Never Parted From Miss Pendleton, Her Sister Declares.

SECLUDED IN A FLAT.

Son of Financier Only Away Two Days Since Secret Marriage.

Miss Marie Pendleton, the pretty little sister of Eleanor Pendleton, the show girl who eloped with and married Louis Marshall Ream, son of Norman R. Ream, multi-millionaire and intimate of J. Pierpont Morgan, declared to-day to an Evening World reporter that young Mr. and Mrs. Ream have not been separated by the bridegroom's stern father, as reported, but are together and are as happy as a pair of turtle doves.

Miss Pendleton and her younger sister are in the chorus of "The Quaker Girl," a new musical comedy which is being rehearsed at the Hudson Theatre. It is their first stage experience. They live with their mother at No. 60 West One Hundred and Forty-sixth street.

"Of course, Louis Ream is with my sister," said Miss Pendleton, "and all this talk about his father keeping him away is nonsense. How could his father keep him away? Louis is twenty-four years old and knows his own mind. He and my sister married each other because they are in love, and they aren't going to be separated on account of money or anything else."

"He has been there all the time, that is, excepting a day or two, since they came back from their honeymoon trip, and he is certainly going to stay. My sister caught cold while they were away and has bronchitis, and that is the only reason they haven't left the apartment at No. 36 West Fifty-second street."

"Mr. Ream doesn't want to make any statement, and that's why he and my sister have said they wasn't there when reporters asked for him. No, I don't think he's been back to the bank—but I'm not sure."

Miss Pendleton said she would try and persuade her sister to explain the peculiar situation, but Mrs. Ream decided to keep her silence, although she sent out a large batch of engraved wedding announcements to her friends to-day.

"I won't say a word about our plans or anything," said the bride. "In a week maybe we may make a statement that will clear up all this misunderstanding—although I don't see where it's anybody's business but our own—but the Reams have told me not to talk and I won't. It is nonsense to say that I have hired a lawyer—I don't need one to-day."

The couple were married in Hoboken on Sept. 1, two months after their first meeting at the Cafe Des Beaux Arts in Huntington, L. I., and on Sept. 8 the bridegroom went to his father's country home at Thompson, Conn., to break the news.

The next day, in an interview, Norman R. Ream expressed his emphatic disapproval of the match and said that if his "poor boy" wanted to remain with this woman he would have to take the consequences.

Mr. Ream said his son would remain at Thompson, and after that the young man seemed to have disappeared from New York. He had gone to his father's post as assistant cashier of the New York Trust Company on a vacation when he was married, and he has not returned since. Neither his father nor his lawyer, William W. Miller, will make a statement regarding the affair.

LITTLE KITTEN'S DEATH UPSET ALL BROOKLYN.

The strange death of a kitten in Fulton street, Brooklyn, to-day involved calls upon the following public servants: Policeman George Brennan, Ambulance Surgeon Robbins of Brooklyn Hospital.

A patrol wagon from the Board of Health, twenty-seven years old, of No. 4 South Oxford street, who owned the kitten, she was carrying along Fulton street wrapped in a cloth when the kitten, struggling for release, bit her on the thumb. Screaming and squeezing the kitten with all her might she reeled into a drug store.

A crowd gathered and Policeman George Brennan investigated. Finding the woman hysterical he summoned Dr. Robbins, who cauterized the slight wound.

Then Brennan unwrapped the kitten and found it dead. He telephoned the Board of Health for instructions. The Board of Health ordered him to take the carcass of the kitten to the Adams street police station and file a report. The police station will examine what is left of the feline for traces of rabies.

Fall Costumes

To-morrow, Saturday

Exclusive high grade Fall costumes interpreted in the richest and smartest Autumn fabrics, including Serges, Mixtures, Broadcloths, Cheviots

One look will convince you of more than a page of talk about them. Perhaps a richly trimmed model will please you with handsome silk frog